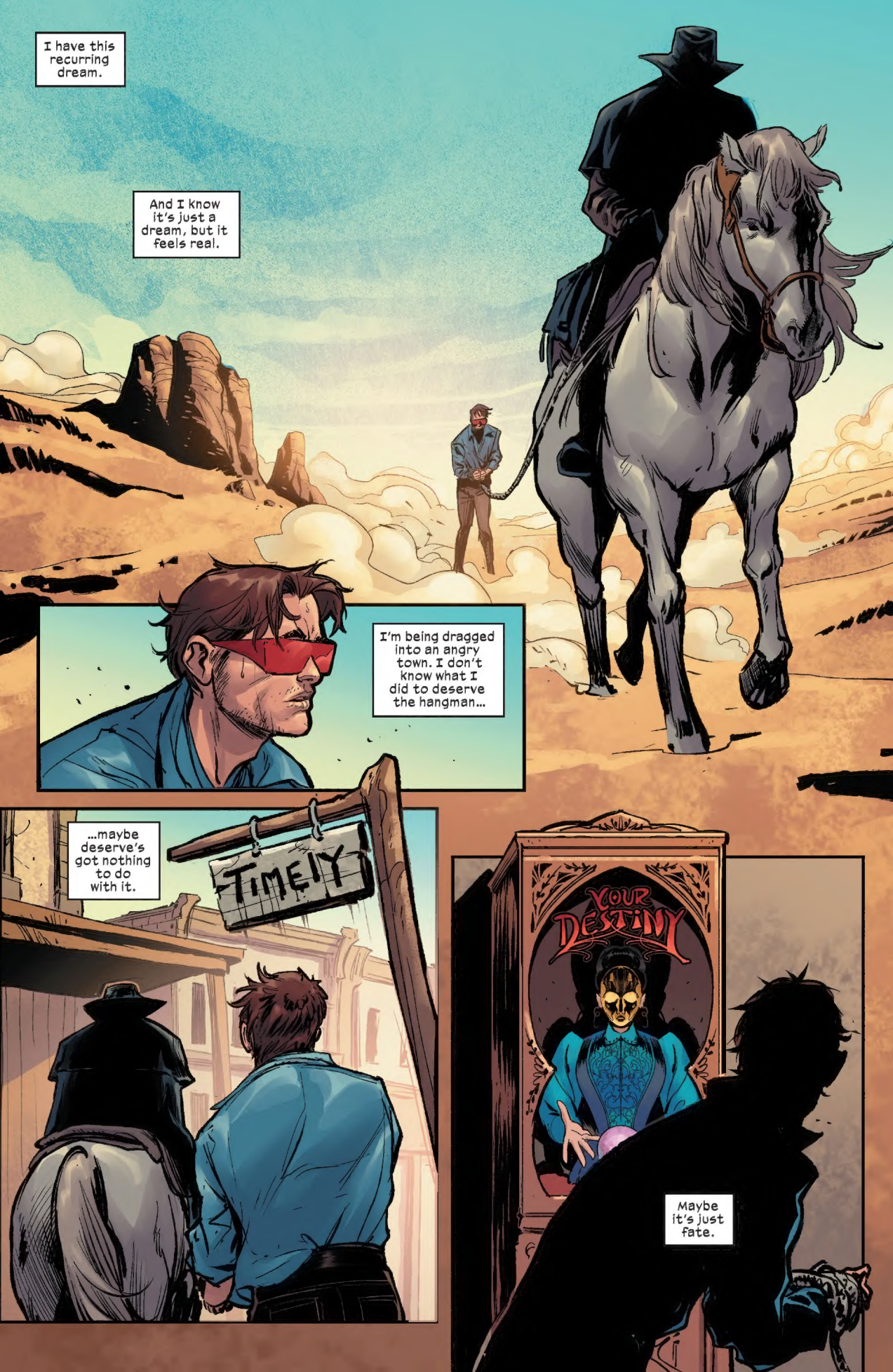
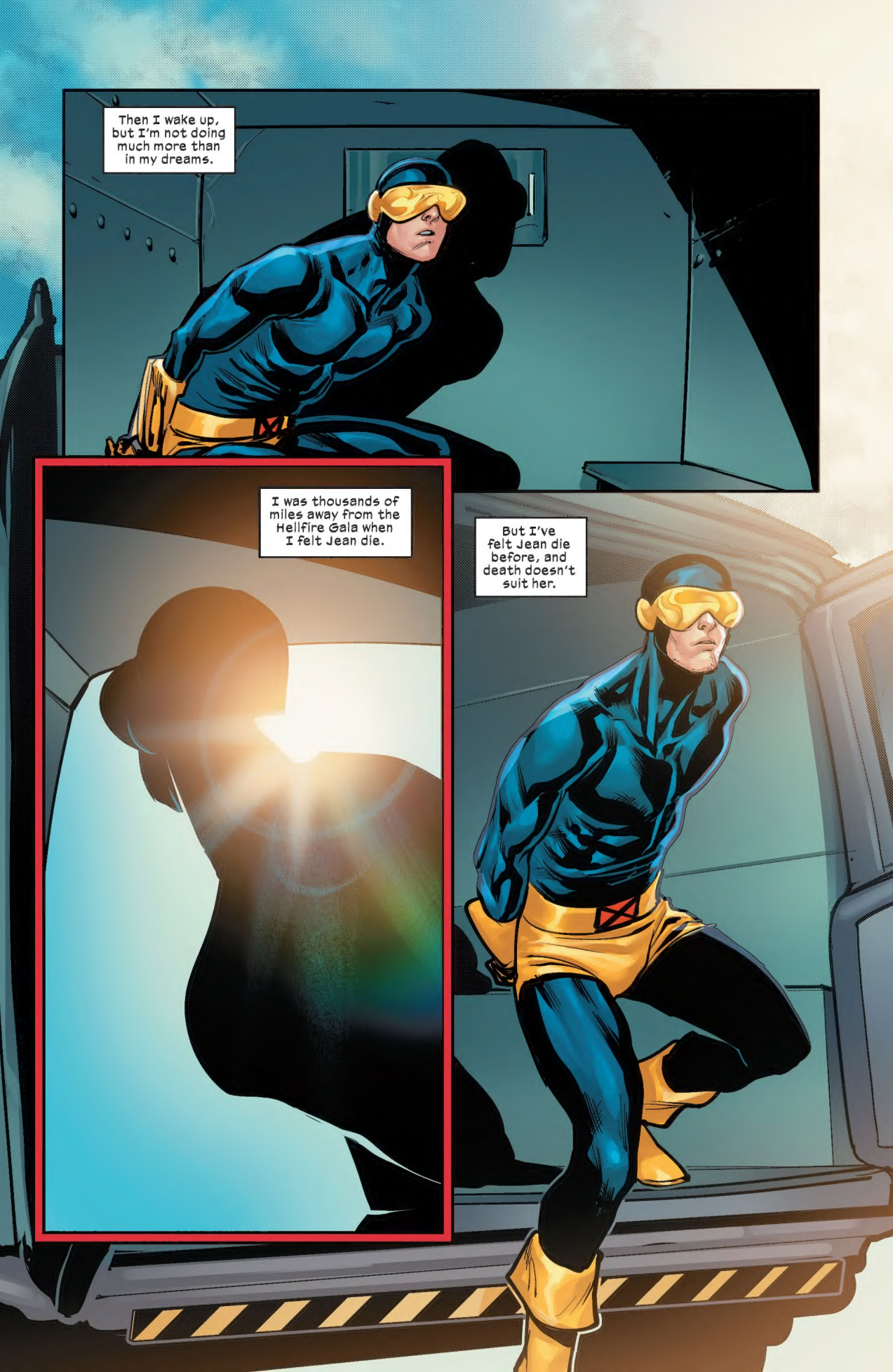
MARVEL
FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X
001
DUGGAN
WERNECK
VALENZA
FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X


I have this recurring dream.
And I know it's just a dream, but it feels real.
I'm being dragged into an angry town. I don't know what I did to deserve the hangman...
...maybe deserve's got nothing to do with it.
TIMELY
YOUR DESTINY
Maybe it's just fate.

I get to say my piece, but it matters not.
The fix is in. The judge is someone I recognize. Someone I thought I knew...
Guilty on all these counts. My, oh my. Look at them all.
...but he throws me to the wolves.
"Justice" will be swift.

I should be scared, but I'm not...
...I'm an *innocent* man.
The world drops out from under my feet...
...but I do not fall.


Then I wake up, but I'm not doing much more than in my dreams.
I was thousands of miles away from the Hellfire Gala when I felt Jean die.
But I've felt Jean die before, and death doesn't suit her.

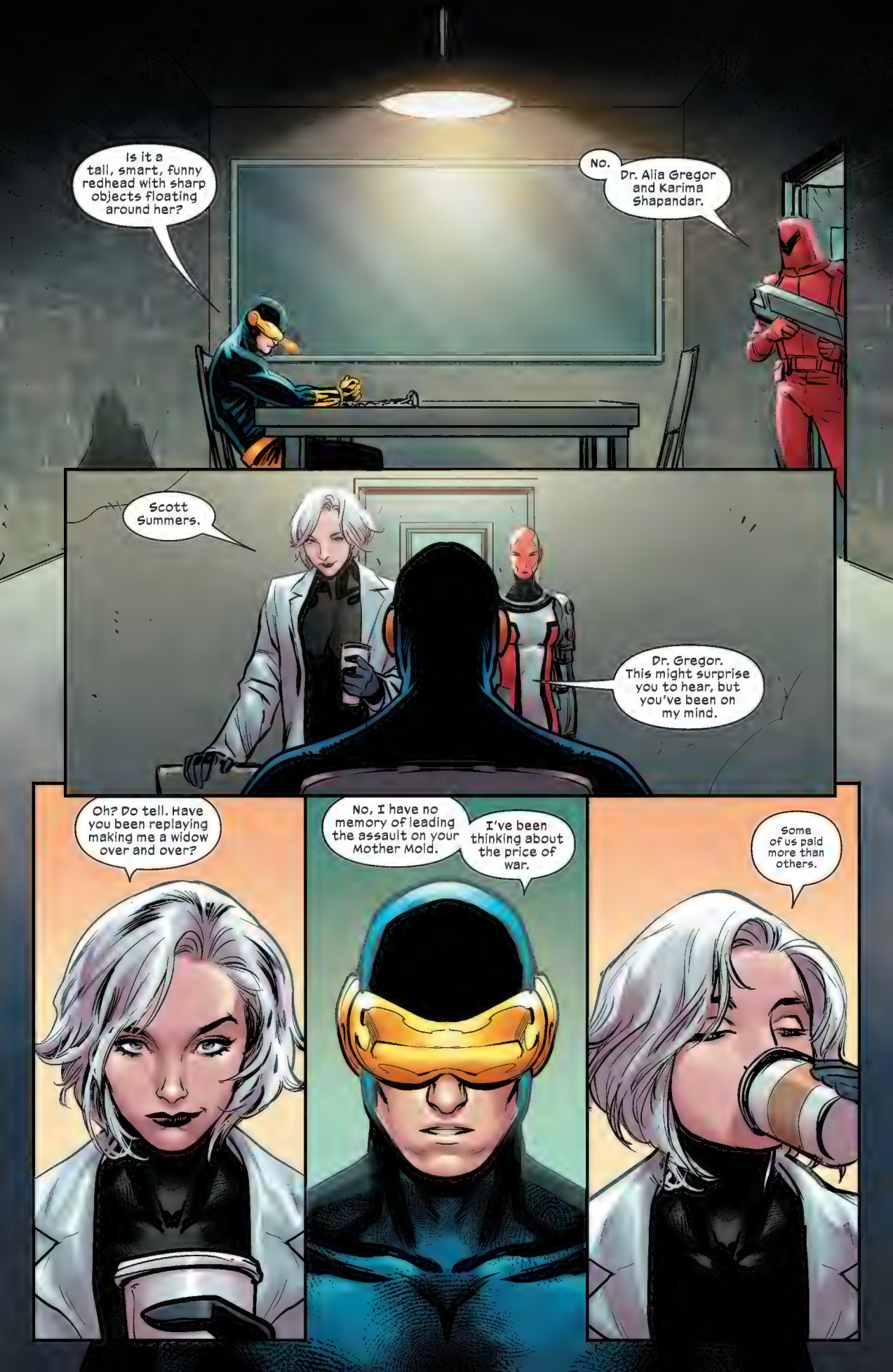
Orchis has me right where they want me--on trial...and all of mutantdom are my co-defendants.
I'm playing along. Buying the resistance time to strike back. What makes the Orchis threat so insidious is the way they made everyone cheer at our suffering.
DEMON
MONSTER
OUT
MUTANT
OUT!
X-MEN
WE'RE TOGETHER. X-MEN
Humans like their symbolism. This is Paris--where they tried Magneto. This time, the trial will go their way, but the war will not.

Then.
The Krakoan Age was remarkable for the advancement in mutant technology.
By combining their powers into circuits, the mutants formed a nation that was carbon negative and spanned several worlds.
There is a consensus among historians that the primordial circuit in mutant technology was the "fastball special"--
SNIKT!
--the name of the physical attack where Colossus pitched Wolverine with uncanny accuracy at a target.

Now.
In the dark days following the third Hellfire Gala, Colossus and Logan were infiltrating the sewers under the Paris courthouse, and their dark moods led them to *invert* the fastball special...
...though they were having a difficult time coming up with a name for it.
How about--
--the piñata special?

Awful!

That's a terrible name, Pete.
I thought you Russians were *poets.*
I'm not feeling very poetic, *tovarisch.*
I reckon not.
Let's go liberate Cyclops.
What if we called that move the "screwball special"?
Why?
Da.
'Cus they were ***screwed.***
"Cyclops, someone's come to see you."


Is it a tall, smart, funny redhead with sharp objects floating around her?
No. Dr. Alia Gregor and Karima Shapandar.
Scott Summers.
Dr. Gregor. This might surprise you to hear, but you've been on my mind.
Oh? Do tell. Have you been replaying making me a widow over and over?
No, I have no memory of leading the assault on your Mother Mold.
I've been thinking about the price of war.
Some of us paid more than others.

I know.
Grief is a heavy set of chains.
Don't you dare.
Let me tell you--because of our sacrifice, the last human has died because of mutant aggression. I'm not having a hard time. Don't pretend to know me.
Sorry, I thought I caught a whiff of bourbon on your morning coffee.
So. If not to discuss the war...why are you here? And why is Omega Sentinel accompanying you?
I'm wondering the same thing, honestly.
We're here because I wanted to see you. To tell you that...
...I lost a battle and a husband, but I won the war.
I think you came here for something else.

And what would that be?
A human interaction. With a man experiencing his own profound grief.
And what happens after? When the last mutant is dead under your heels?
I'm not sure. I suppose... mankind exhales and lives happily ever after.
That a funny idea to you? Human happiness?
My question wasn't for you, Dr. Gregor.
We should go, Dr. Gregor.
And Cyclops is needed back in court.

The Green Lagoon, Krakoa.
No more...
No more...
NO MORE!
It's time...

...to me, My X-Man.
This is Charles Xavier... I need you, Rasputin IV.
But, X-- I am above the courthouse-- I have a critical role in the rescue mission, and--
I know you have been trying to split your time between our work and the X-Men. I promise you: We can save them *all*-- but only if you join me *right now.*
You must trust me. We can fix everything.
Very well.
Awright, Rasputin.
Pete and I are in position.

We're ready for you to phase Cyclops down to us.
Rasputin?
Something's wrong, Pete.
SNIFF
And we got company.
Soldiers. Cordite. Something else, big and heavy, rumbling toward us--
SKRABOOM
Aaargh!

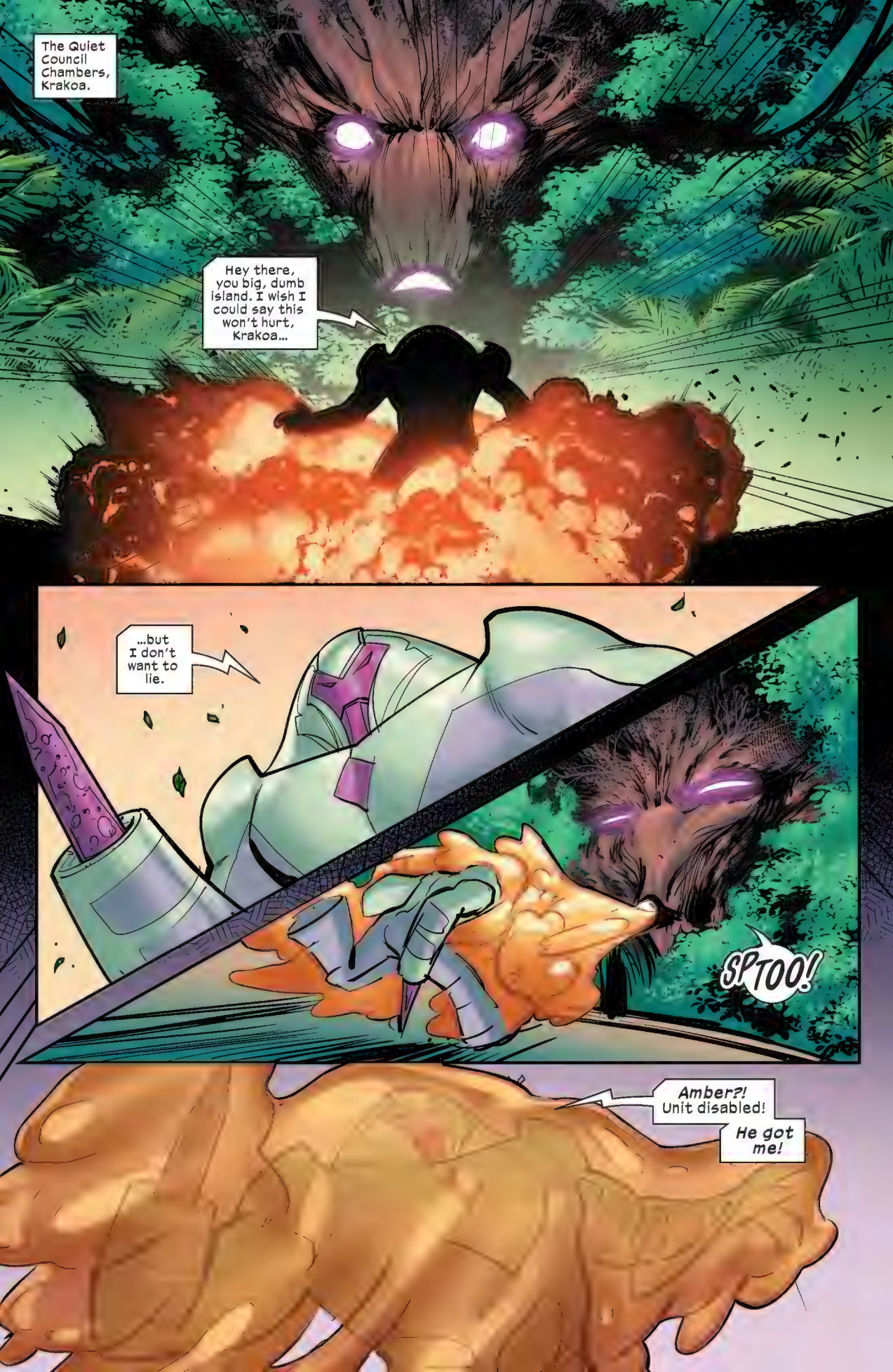
Aw crud--
--is that an electromagnet?!
Nnngh!
Yeah, and it's a hell of a strong one.
For humanity!
FWOOSH
RAAARRGH!

Ha! Ha!
BAMF
It would appear we've lost Rasputin IV--
--and we must adapt our plan.
BAMF
BAMF
And perhaps even launch the invasion of Earth--
SKRAK
--while Cyclops is still a prisoner.
Unacceptable!
I'll kill 'em all.

LET THESE ORCHIS COWARDS RUN!
And tell all the murderers in red that anybody aligned with fascism will die squirming under my metal foot!
Mein freund...I fear that you--
No! No more fear. From this moment on, they are the ones who will fear.
Then... to war.
BAMF

And so not only have we proven beyond a reasonable doubt that mutants are a menace, but that they're an invasive foreign species.
The secret rulers of Krakoa, the so-called "Quiet Council", admitted as much when they stole Mars away and turned it into a home for mutantdom's wayward cousins. Cyclops admits he is the leader of the X-Men.
All these crimes stem from his poisoned fruit.
The prosecution rests, your honor.
Then the defense may begin.
I will offer no defense, your honor.
I'm not dignifying any of that nonsense with a response. I know there is good in humanity... but I am not being prosecuted by it.
I've warned you that if you followed through with this...non-tactic, you will surely be found guilty in this capital case.
I can only be judged by one soul...and I do not think you'd like to meet her.

The Bloom. Orchis Space Station.
Huzzah!
We got what we wanted.
Krakoa is guilty--and *mutants are guilty!*
We won!
After the court case, the history books won't be a problem anymore. Ben Urich can write whatever drivel he wants.
Why wait to celebrate?
Nimrod, go kill Krakoa.
My pleasure, Omega Sentinel.
Then we celebrate on Sentinel City.
POP


The Quiet Council Chambers, Krakoa.
Hey there, you big, dumb island. I wish I could say this won't hurt, Krakoa...
...but I don't want to lie.
SPTOO!
Amber?! Unit disabled!
He got me!

KRAKOOM
Nimrod Prime is disabled-- and we got a runner!

For months, the X-Men have had their backs to the wall. Mutants dead and scattered.
Now a weakened and diminished Krakoa was running for its life.
Krakoa was not just their living home-- it was the promise of a mutant future, united by peaceful coexistence.
But humanity didn't want coexistence.

People of Earth. While you slept, the world changed. This is Doctor Alia Gregor of Orchis.
We were lulled into a false sense of security because of a few good things that the mutants did, but they did not care for you and I.
Krakoa has been proven to be an invasive alien species--and Orchis is pulling it from Earth's garden.
The next few hours will be...uncomfortable. We do not relish the threat of violence, but the tree of liberty is dry, and she thirsts for righteous vengeance.
Krakoa will be eradicated, and the mutants who don't leave the planet peacefully will be liquidated.

"This is their final warning."
Well, Sugah. Everything might've gone to hell--
--but at least we knocked Orchis' hoods off.
But we didn't get Cyclops?!
And what happened to Rasputin IV?
A damn good question I would like answered.
An' what happened to Iron Man's big plan?
He's executing it now.*
We weren't ready for the invasion yet--but it's all falling apart. We have to go *now*. We're over London. There are several gates I can use to rally the troops.
I'll have Emma start the comms. Good luck, everybody.
I'll see ya on the other side, kiddo. Don't die out there...
*See *Invincible Iron Man* #14-15! --JDW

"...the survival of our people is in doubt. If we lose today--we lose it all."

Kate Pryde rallies the resistance. Across the Earth--

Game on, Mr. and Mrs. X.

--and on Planet Arakko--

It's time, Woofer! Be ready for Forge's fleet coming from deep space.

We're ready, Shadowkat.

--at the X-Mansion--

Nice gun, Juggernaut.

I smashed into one of Cable's armories.

Go be unstoppable, Big Guy.

Grrr!

--in New York City--

Hello, darlings. If you can hear my beautiful voice in your head, then-- *welcome to the resistance.*

This is Emma Frost, and I'm touching so many beautiful mutant and human minds. Keep resisting.

We might be fighting earlier than we would prefer, but I have the utmost confidence in your abilities.

We will succeed. We *must.*

The whole world is at stake, and we must be nothing less than fabulous.

We're fighting off extinction, and in the hours to come, if your back is to the wall, then call me, and I will put my thumb on the scale. Help will be by your side.

--and on Island M.

Polaris! It's time-- oh no!

+Sigh+

Lorna... we needed you...

"...where did you run off to?"
Knowhere.
On the far side of Jupiter, within a decapitated Celestial head, an ancient evil lurks.
The Brood are the most hated parasites in the universe.
Not long ago, they fell under the control of a mutant named Broo.
HISS!
Jean! Is that you? I was beginning to worry you wouldn't come back for--
Oh. It's you. You're the last person I expected to come out this way.

Jean is dead, Broo.
But those of us who live...we resist.
Are you ready to go to war?
Y-yes, Jean saved me. Saved these Brood.

Then--
to war!
Next: WAR!

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Tired of years of oppression and bigotry, mutantkind -- an offshoot of humanity born with astonishing powers -- founded their own nation on the living mutant island of Krakoa. Unfortunately, in response, the anti-mutant organization Orchis began activating their agents, embedded all over human society, to tear down what the mutants were building.

For a time, Krakoa was a literal paradise on Earth for mutants. Compromises made to achieve this paradise festered under the surface of their society, threatening to tear it apart from within if not dealt with…but before that could be resolved, Orchis made their move.

At the mutants' celebratory Hellfire Gala, Orchis struck, killing a number of mutants, framing mutantkind for the death of all the humans present and blaming the nation of Krakoa for a number of horrific misdeeds. Using leverage gained from inserting a kill switch into the medicines Krakoa had been providing to humanity, Orchis was able to blackmail the mutants into leaving the planet, cast into parts unknown through corrupted Krakoan teleportation gates. The few mutant heroes left behind were forced underground, hunted by Orchis' forces, including powerful new Sentinels made using Stark technology taken against Iron Man's will.

Now, with public fear of mutants at an all-time high, Cyclops is being brought to trial to answer for the "crimes" of mutants against humanity in a public spectacle that has eyes across the world watching.

[1] THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X

[ISSUE ONE]..... THE TRIAL OF CYCLOPS
X-MEN CREATED BY ..... STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

KRAKOA is for all MUTANTS

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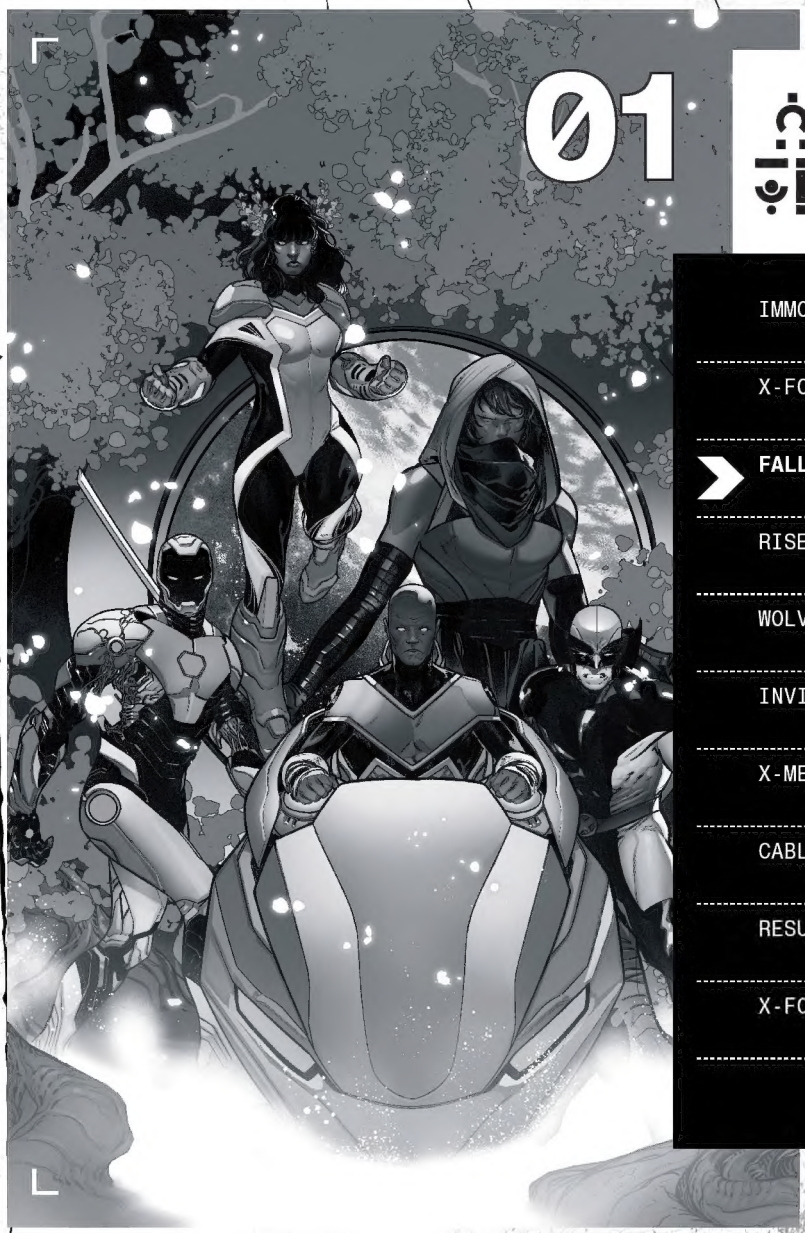
FOLLOW THE FALL:



IMMORTAL X-MEN #18

X-FORCE #47

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X #1

RISE OF THE POWERS OF X #1

WOLVERINE #41

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #14

X-MEN #30

CABLE #1

RESURRECTION OF MAGNETO #1

X-FORCE #48

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FROM THE OFFICE OF JENNIFER WALTERS, ESQ.
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

If you're reading this, then I have been convicted of serious crimes by Orchis.

I haven't made much of an attempt to follow the charges -- last I paid attention it's everything from mass murder to somehow being an "invasive species," whatever the hell that means.

When we breathed life into Mars, I was concerned that the worst in humanity would seize upon our actions and use them as pretext to forcibly deport us off-world. Unfortunately, I was right.

On the night of what the world calls "The Mutant Massacre" I was attacked in New York City and my back was broken. I was then held as a prisoner of war and tortured. My wife was one of the humans and mutants who were murdered at the Hellfire Gala.

Ben Urich's exposé reveals the evil heart that beats in Orchis' chest. I'm assuming that's why I was bounced around the world after his story printed and I'm being charged in France, whose leaders are likely compromised by Orchis in order to host my show trial.

This letter will be held by my attorney until the trial is over. I plan to present no defense, nor speak in front of cameras.

It may seem a strange choice for someone who is innocent of all charges. I'm not guilty. I'm not afraid. I simply don't want to provide fodder for the Orchis propagandists.

We're in this predicament not because I lost a great battle, but because of big lies told by powerful people. But I know the truth.

I am a mutant.

I am an X-Man.

I belong here.

Mutant lives do not beget human deaths. I was born right here in the United States of America. Does the constitution not guarantee me the same rights as anyone else?

I will not be murdered by Orchis without a fight, and I ask everyone reading these words a simple question: Once fascism kills mutants, who will be next?

Maybe you.

Even now, I'm an optimist, and not because I've looked at the world through ruby quartz lenses my entire adult life.

I reject Orchis' jurisdiction over me. **I resist.**

I wish you peace, unless you're one of the people, or artificial intelligences, that wishes harm upon my family. If you are one of those souls, then I suggest you change your heart. If you have one.

It's never too late to turn away from hate.

You might wonder why I participated in Orchis's sham trial at all if I had no intention of defending myself. I was buying time for my teammates and friends to gather their forces.

Now I will defend myself.

Cyclops of the X-Men

[Legal_correspondence]
[Defendant__S.Summers]

KAMIC RIDER
MARIKA